

The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1869.

VOLUME XVII--NO. 21.

Ode on the Death of John C. Calhoun.

BY SAMUEL GILMAN, D. D.

Written at the request of the Faculty of Columbia College and sung at his obsequies.

Fare thee well! from storms below,
Tried and mighty spirit, go!
Work! to thy high reward;
Faithful servant! to thy Lord.

Son and type of thy great time;
Prophet, with the eye sublime;
Statesman, in thyself a host,
Martyr, dying at thy post!

Rarest gifts in thee we saw --
Thought--that probed each hidden law;
Presence--like a fate control;
Speech that awed a nation's soul.

Mind of giant, heart of child;
Quickly roused or reconciled;
Braving, but forgiving foes;
Stirred, that others might repose.

Thou wast proud, confiding, free,
Like thy State's own chivalry;
Moral stain could not endure,
Like thy State's own daughter, pure.

Thundering 'neath the Federal dome,
Turning fondly to thy home,
Feared, extolled or disapproved,
Still thou wast revered and loved.

Falling at thy noon of fame,
Thou, with ripe and world-wide name,
Need'st no more from life; but we,
Darkling here have need of thee.

God of nations! quench the brand
Cried out on our impetuous land;
Bid our patriot's honored grave
Speak the word that yet may save.

Life Among the Blockade Runners.

"While the 'Hattie' was fast preparing for sea, a man came on board dressed, or rather overdressed in a full Confederate uniform. Revolvers buckled around his waist, an extravagant supply of the insignia of rank, and an altogether unusual furniture of brass and lace, rendered his appearance, at the outset, unimpeachable, for, to even an unpracticed eye, it was evident that he had seen little of that hard service which made the real veteran disdain the appliances of gaudy trappings to mark his worth. Still more disagreeable was his manner as he swaggered up to the captain in a peremptory tone announced himself a lieutenant in the Confederate Navy, on secret service, with dispatches from President Davis, and demanded a passage to Nassau.

"Captain B. politely but firmly replied that it would be necessary for him to obtain a passport from the naval officer in command of the station, who was then Commodore Ingraham, which he said could be readily done by establishing his identity and furnishing proof as to the character of his mission.

"Grilly for such was the fellows name, retorted that he recognized no red tape routine whatever; that a commission from the President of the Confederacy was sufficient for all his purposes and that he would hold any man responsible for obstructing his plans. There was his baggage--pointing to a trunk and a long suspicious looking box--and he intended to go to Nassau on that Steamer whether or no.

"Not while I am able to obey my instructions," was the response of Captain B. "I too am an officer of the C. S. Navy, and no man can leave Charleston on this ship without the authority of my superior in command. My advice to you is to save trouble, for without proper vouchers from Commodore Ingraham, on this steamer at least you can't go!

"Grilly turned on his heel with a curse, and went ashore.

"During the next day we were ready for sea. The night promised to be propitious--dark and stormy, and the wind was blowing almost a gale. We hauled off into the stream, and the captain taking his small boat, rowed to Fort Sumter for the purpose of making a final reconnaissance of the situation of the blockading fleet. It was a strange thing that, for a long period, the Federals themselves furnished us the best marks by which to steer, that we could desire. The old 'Canandaigua' generally occupied the same position, and the beacon light suspended to the wreck of the 'Housatonic' (which had been sunk by a torpedo boat) was an invaluable guide, as we steamed out, whereby to reveal our position and shape our course. That afternoon we counted twenty-six blockaders off the bar! When the fact was reported in the city, there was not a man who believed it possible for any vessel to run such a gauntlet. Captain B., however, was not one to be deterred by the advice of others after his own line of action had been determined upon. Accordingly, as soon as he returned, the order was given to get up steam, and put every thing to rights. The cargo was snugly packed, the lights put out, the cable coil away, our bow turned seaward, and we were slowly steaming down the harbor, when who should appear

On deck, with a sort of triumphant on his face, but--Grilly!

"Captain B. instantly demanded, 'By what authority are you here, sir?'

"By the authority of the President," was the fellow's reply.

"Have you a pass from Commodore Ingraham?"

"No, sir."

"Then," replied Captain B., "you can't leave Charleston on this ship. What I told you yesterday I repeat now, sir."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" was the impudent inquiry of Grilly. "Wait, and you will see said the captain."

It was always customary for the blockade runners to undergo an examination before their departure, by a boarding officer from one of the gunboats, the object being to discover skulkers from the Confederacy, or other improper persons having no authority to leave. Captain B. was so well known to the naval officers that he was one of the exceptions to the rule; but on this occasion the "Hattie" steamed down to the "Clithorn," and the captain hailed:

"Cheer up, 'Hattie! Send a boat and armed crew on board the 'Hattie.' 'Ay, ay, sir.'"

"What is that for?" exclaimed Grilly, who was standing near our chief.

"To give you in custody, sir, as a suspicious character," was the reply, "and to teach you obedience to regulations of the service."

"The man made a motion as if to draw his revolver, uttering, at the same time, a fearful curse and threat, but in an instant he was in the hands of a couple of stout men, who bound and held him until the arrival of the cutter from the iron-clad, when he was transferred to the keeping of its officers and crew. As his baggage was passed over the side, the box before referred to was found to contain a dozen or more loaded rifles. From Blockade Runners in the XIX Century.

An Unfair System.

The effort, which the State authorities seem to be persistently making, to create the impression that disorder runs riot in this State is--to put it mildly--very unfair and most injudicious. Take, first, the case of Edgefield. Was there any occasion whatever for the military movements and grand hub-bub made there? It is true that some of the people of Edgefield are much given to shooting at each other at short distances, but we learn that not one of the shooting scrapes there have sprung from political difficulties. But Mr. Eichelberger gets into trouble, and filled with imaginary fears, his potent influence carries arms and guards to Edgefield. Take the case of Abbeville and Anderson. Imaginary troubles lead to the military movements of the constabulary at those points. A colored church is burnt in Chester, and forthwith the whites are saddled with the act. And in many parts of the State outrages are reported, and if, in some cases, there is unfortunately some foundation for the statement of wrong-doing, the details are grossly exaggerated, and the responsibility attached to a whole community. Read the Charleston Republican newspaper, and in almost every issue, large capitals and sensational headings precede the garbled and high-flown stories of Democratic outrages upon mild, lamb-like "Republicans."

And what is the object of this system of deliberate misrepresentation? It is for party purposes. It is to keep up the passions and prejudices of the duped freedmen in the interior. It is that "the birds of prey" at the seaside, at the capitol and elsewhere in the State, may not lose their hold upon the suffering body of the State. An admirable mode is this of securing the prosperity of the State, which "progressive Republicanism" professes to aim at! A fine way is this to attract capital and immigrants which "progressive Republicanism" claims to have at heart!

But we are pleased to say that even at the North and with radicals, this game is becoming transparent. The cry of "wolf" no longer deceives. The whites of South Carolina continue provokingly quiet. And even in journals violently radical, we are seeing every day in the acknowledgment that all is quiet in South Carolina, and law-abiding, nay, almost "loll." See, say they, how fiery South Carolina has cooled down and turned her gleaming sword into a polished plowshare. "First in war," say they, how now she is "first in peace." And even Horace Greeley is almost ready to take us up in his paternal arms--albeit, he may be damning us with while with "faint praise."

Let us take heart, then, for it does seem that the radical role is well-nigh exhausted. In the meantime, let us look out for new arts and new devices. --Phenix.

Shall We Plow Land Wet Rather than Not Plow It?

This is a question that often presents itself, and it is almost always decided in the affirmative. "Our land must be put in; that is the thought, and whether wet or dry, the farm must be carried out.

This is done yearly on probably a majority of the farms--that is to a greater or less extent. Were the extent stated it would doubtless surprise many, and still more could the injury be seen.

Land thus treated suffers--suffers materially--suffers not only for one year, but for several--suffers in the crop and suffers in the soil.

In this way our land is hurt--all our land, we may say, is hurt more or less in this way. Our clay land is mangled and almost ruined in some cases. It is lumpy, pale, harsh--rather when the harrow passes over it. It passes, virtually, over so many brickbats. The clod-crusher benefits it nothing, only reducing the brickbats to smaller brickbats.

The elements must do their work again; and it takes years, as we have said, to do it. We have known it to many years; and even a sod for several years, in addition, has failed to restore it. It was a curse that had fallen on the ground, and on the grain and the grass as well.

A summer fallow, working in large rank manure, finished what the elements had left undone. And even then there was not the original texture and fertility.

But why have this? Why curse the soil? Each farmer must have had experience of this kind--at least each farmer that has clay soil.

We are not to plow our clay soil when it is wet--not even when it wants to be put in--when the case is an urgent one. Disperse with your seedling for another year--break up the rotation. Better do this little harm to your pocket than the much greater of killing your land.

The next year will give you a chance to put it in properly. This year it might have done, many chances to one. Plowed in the fall, as it should have been, it would have been ready in the spring, at least if there had been anything like decent drainage. And then with the first mellow ground (and such soil is often early mellow) the seed should have been sown. Oats, peas, barley, each may be put in early.

This would not only have secured a good crop, benefited the soil, instead of hurting it almost irretrievably.

If our land has been neglected in the fall, and the plowing must be done in the spring, it becomes as to be on the alert and plow with the first chance--the very first, it matters not how early or what may interfere. If the soil is clay soil, especially a stiff clay, this becomes all the more imperative. We cannot sufficiently urge in this matter.

More: After the land is plowed, whether in the fall or spring, it is equally important to put in the seed in good condition. In no case harrow when wet--not even a black mellow soil. New land we have known to be trusted over in this way, supposing it was sufficiently light and pulverized not to hurt it--the matter being vegetable matter. Whole fields have been spoiled in this way, as we have known; though in a vegetable mould is less hurtful than in stiff clay, or ordinary clay soil, or any other but a light soil highly charged with humus.

Keep shy of the wet under all circumstances, so far as the stirring of the soil is concerned. Even in the fall do not plow wet. The frost will help it, but will not cure it; the packed condition is still there in the spring. The surface may be somewhat ameliorated, but examine it closely and it will have a harsh, dead feel; it is not that liveliness which a properly treated soil has, attractive homogeneity, full of vitality, receiving the grain to its full vigor of life.

The soil want to be kept as it is; it can readily be spoiled--killed. This is done in innumerable cases every year. After the sod has benefited it--after the frost and the heat and the fertile warm rains have done their work in reclaiming the land, in goes the plow, and up comes the heavy, now packed and shining wet soil, and soon baked and hardened--the harrow looping this way and that, almost turning upside down, and yet scarcely scratching the surface. And on such land must be planted grain and sown. And this was the soil that swam the harrow once, and raised the tall heavy grain--wheat that held a cradle. --Experimental Farm Journal.

True politeness is the express image of candor and forbearance.

COTTON.

We have taken occasion, several times recently, to urge upon cotton planters the impolicy of rushing the present crop to market. Here at the South we are all well acquainted with the true condition of the incoming crop, the increase of receipts during the month of September--the effect of the long continued drought and the universal prevalence of rust. Planters and Southern cotton dealers understand that rust and drought forces the premature opening of the bolls and that full September receipts when these influences have been felt would not necessarily indicate a large crop.

At the North and in the European markets these things are not so well understood. Large receipts in the first week of the season indicate to them a full, if not a large crop. They pay very little attention to the reports which go out from the South of short crops, if along with these reports they find a large increase in the receipts in the different markets. No sort of reasoning and no amount of argument can convince them that the crop is likely to be short when they see the receipts daily augmenting and increasing.

In order that the true condition of the present crop might be fairly impressed upon Northern and European buyers we have urged our planting friends not to send their crops forward as fast as the cotton opened, but to devote the whole of their attention and labor to saving it in good order. We knew if the cotton came forward very freely this month that an attempt would be made--and we feared successfully made--to depress prices under the specious plea of a full crop. We knew that Southern speculators would aid in getting this feeling abroad in order that they might buy at low prices, and then, when the real extent of the crop was realized, sell at a great advance. By this means the planters would be cheated out of several millions of dollars, all of which would go into buyers' pockets as profits.

Yet, strange to say, the cotton planters are to-day, throughout the entire South, playing into the hands of the speculators by rushing their crops to market. To prove this we find that from the 1st to the 5th of September, inclusive, in 1868, the receipts of cotton at all the ports were 999 bales. For the same period this year the receipts were 1,489 bales or an increase of fifty per cent. over the last year's receipts.

From these data it will be argued that the present crop is larger by fifty per cent. than that of 1868, when in fact it will not, in any possible event, reach last year's figures.

If planters, then, sell their crops for twenty-five cents, or even below that price, they will have nobody to blame for it but themselves. If they growl and complain that prices go up to thirty-five or forty cents after they have sold, they will have the consolation of knowing that by their own folly they have secured fortunes for the speculators to their own immediate injury.

Again we invite our planting friends to take a sensible business-like view of the situation--weigh well the facts we have stated and then act as their best judgments dictate. --Chronicle & Sentinel.

ENERGY.--It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and the persevering, who are careful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragment of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the Highland hills; thus Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener; thus Drew studied the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes; thus Miller taught himself geology while working as a day laborer in a quarry. By bringing their minds to bear upon knowledge in its various aspects and carefully using up the odds and ends of their time, men such as these, in the very humblest circumstances, reach the highest culture, and acquired honorable distinction among their fellow-men. It was one of the characteristic expressions of Chatterton, that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they chose to be at the trouble.

"Really, my dear, said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, 'you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you have turned out to be a bit of matrimonial paste.' "Then, my dear," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

An Earthquake Coming.

The San Francisco Chronicle publishes the following prediction, made by a local philosopher, W. Frank Stewart:

During the past eighteen months the earth and other planets, completed the most remarkable conjunction which has ever occurred; and on the night of the 14th of last November we again witnessed the grand thirty-four year star-swarm. Every intelligent person is aware that for a period nearly two years our globe has been subjected to violent perturbations, such as have not before occurred for many centuries. These perturbations have been generally over the surface of the planet. Storms, typhoons, volcanoes, earthquakes, intense cold and scorching winds have alternately spent their fury upon the denizens of every hemisphere. By careful observations, astronomers have found that in a period of about eleven years the sun towards us a remarkable spotted disc, and it has also been observed that any sudden changes of light and shade upon the sun during this spotted period instantly affect terrestrial magnets. It is well known that in the autumn of 1859 one of these sunspot perturbations was immediately followed by one of the most brilliant Auroras Borealis ever witnessed in the northern hemisphere; and still more surprising the magnetic effect of the aurora was so great that messages were freely sent over telegraphic lines without connection with the connection with the batteries and by means of the auroral current alone. Many additional facts, showing the connection of celestial with terrestrial magnetism, might be given, but I have neither the time nor room at present. Suffice it to say, that as the earth's magnetic forces are now, and for many months have been, greatly disturbed by cosmical influences; and as we have recently made our annual transit through the nebulous belt; and as the sun's surface is at this moment disfigured by an unusual number of spots; and as the moon on the 7th ultimo passed between us and the sun, thereby causing an additional magnetic disturbance upon the earth; and as we on the Pacific coast are now experiencing an unusually protracted dry season, the inevitable precursor of temblors in this part of the world, for the foregoing and many other potent reasons, I predict a heavy earthquake to take place early next autumn, as soon as moist clouds float into the dry, vaporless atmosphere.

Practical Joking by a Preacher.

Dr. Elliot, a noted clergyman of an old Connecticut town, being "well-to-do," and keeping neither locks nor bolts on his possessions, was frequently visited by burglars in a small way.

Coming home late one night from a visit to a poor parishioner, he heard, on passing through his kitchen, a strange smashing noise, in a cellar, soon followed by the sound of stealthy steps coming up the stairs. Hiding behind the door, he saw emerge a tall man, bending under a huge basket filled with salt pork, just taken dripping from the brine.

The doctor recognized a poor neighbor, and, stepping forward, said kindly, "You have a heavy load there. Allow me to assist you."

With a cry of dismay, the culprit dropped the basket, and, actually fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness, on the plea that this was the first of fense, and that his family were suffering from want of food.

"But my friend," said the good doctor, "you certainly knew that you had only to come to me and ask for help to get it, without damaging your soul with sin and your coat with brine in this way. I forgive you of course; but I do think you have taken more than your share of the pork. I will divide this with you, and when you want more, or anything else, just come and tell me frankly."

And against the remonstrances of the poor wretch, he compelled him to take just half the stolen meat, saying, "carry it to your wife with my compliments. I hope it will go down just as slick as though you had taken it without leave."

Dr. Elliot never revealed the name of this man, though he enjoyed telling the story.

An Irishman observing a dandy taking his usual strut in Broadway, stepped up to him and inquired, "How much rent do you ask for those houses?" "What do ask me that for?" "Faith, and I thought the whole street belonged to ye?"

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "Yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

Crops in Edgefield.

Our faithful special correspondent at Edgefield Court House, under date of Saturday, gives the following points in reference to the crops of that country, etc:

"We have now clear, cool weather, and none can regret the change after such a dry, sultry summer. Planters can now make a close estimate of their crops. Not one-half of a corn crop will be made in Edgefield. I have recently seen and conversed with planters from all parts of this country (drawn here to pay their taxes), and they affirm that there are hundreds of acres which have been well cultivated that will not make a bushel of corn to the acre. My advice to the planters is, to take care of your corn and small grain--you will need it before the next summer is gone. If you have any to spare, it will command a good price. It will not pay to raise and fatten hogs on corn at \$1 50 per bushel.

"Previous to the present cool spell of weather most of the cotton had more or less rust, and had shed most of the top crop. Since the present cool weather, the rust has entirely taken the crop. I have heard planters say that they did not believe they had a stalk of cotton but what had the rust. The result is that there will not be any late or top crop of cotton made in our country. The crop is cut off at least one-third. Cotton is now opening very rapidly, much of it prematurely. The weather is fine for picking, and two-thirds of the crop will be picked out (the weather continuing favorable) by the first of October.

"Before the close of next week, many of our cotton planters will visit your city, and will carry hundreds of bales to your market. The present prices of cotton should induce all to sell who can put greenbacks to any use, and they could well afford to put their cotton in hard money, and put it up for rainy days.

"Our planters regret to see that your commission merchants have recently raised their commission for selling cotton--Your merchants have formerly sold a great many goods to the Carolinians, and, I dare say, the present season will put thousands in their pockets." --Constitutionalist.

TO THE MARRIED.

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise each other sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other--never to bandy words nor indulge in the best ill humor--never, I say, never!

Wrangling in jest, putting on an air of ill humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Next, promise each other sincerely, never to keep a secret from each other, under what pretext, and whatever excuse it might be, you must continually and every moment, see clearly into other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant to confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house from father, mother, brother, sister, aunt, and from the world. You two, with God's help, must build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one you draw with you will form a party to stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Remember the vow in each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were to each other, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a pair had on their marriage day known the secret, how many a marriage were happier than--alas!--they are!

WORK AND WIN.--Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely; in great aims and small be thoroughly in earnest. Never believe it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady plain hard-working qualities and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand, wear and tear; and there is no such substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never put one hand to anything on which you can throw your whole self, never as feet depreciation of your work, whatever it is. These you will find to be golden rules.

Give a man brains, and he is a king; give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave; give a man riches without brains, and he is a monkey.

An old resident was out on the street the other morning about 8 o'clock and was asked, "Are you going to attend the wedding this morning?" "Wedding?" replied the gentleman. "No, sir. I attended one about twenty years ago and haven't had a day of peace since."

Aunt Bessy was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using an argument that the little chicken went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Johnny, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt tried no more arguments with him.

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being asked to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," she said, with pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

The London correspondent of the new York Times devotes a large part of a recent letter to a review of the sensation created by Mr. Bouricault's play of "Formosa."

It has drawn crowded houses, and is likely to do so as long as it is assailed by critics and newspaper correspondents on the score of its immorality. He noticed as a curious fact that when the audience was first seated hardly a tenth part were women, but a little later they came in the usual numbers. This present is the dullest of the dull London seasons, and fashionable houses could not ordinarily be expected, but the dress circle was full, and most of the private boxes were occupied. There were present, perhaps, a dozen of the class whom some of the critics tolerate in the boxes, but are quite shocked at seeing represented on the stage--the upper class of splendidly disreputable ladies, whom the "girl of the period" is said to slavishly imitate, but the general character of the audience was far better than the season would warrant. The drama is full of sharp and pointed dialogue, and, in diction of character, it is admirable. At first, its performance evoked an occasional hiss; but long before the end was reached, the sympathies of the audience were won, and it proceeded to a triumphant conclusion.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REPUBLIC.

A correspondent of the New York Radical Journal has been interviewing, recently, the celebrated British Philosopher and Author, Thomas Carlyle. Displaying the usual Yankee curiosity during his visit to the home of this great man too correspondent would not be satisfied until he had obtained Mr. Carlyle's opinion on the "political situation" of the United States. Finally the oracle answered, and here is what the writer of the *Life of Frederick the Great* thinks of affairs in the American Republic: "As sure as the Lord reigns" said he, "you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity, the scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps," cried he raising his voice to its shrillest notes, "a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the wide weltering fire of chaos and corruption in high places, and the misrule of the people. A fine republic that! England follows in the train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice--and hell below."

RICHES.--The man with good firm health, is rich.

So is the man with a clear conscience.

So is the parent of vigorous happy children.

So is the editor of a good paper, with a good subscription list.

So is the clergyman whose coat the little children pluck, as he passes them in their play.

So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.

So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life whether she ever met him or not.

So is the young man who laying his hand on his heart, can say "I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men."

So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on his lips and for whose waking a blessing waits.

EGGS FOR BURNS.--The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothes pain and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to colloidion or even cotton.

An old resident was out on the street the other morning about 8 o'clock and was asked, "Are you going to attend the wedding this morning?" "Wedding?" replied the gentleman. "No, sir. I attended one about twenty years ago and haven't had a day of peace since."

Aunt Bessy was trying to persuade little Jack to retire at sunset, using an argument that the little chicken went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Johnny, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt tried no more arguments with him.

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being asked to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," she said, with pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

DUST AND DIAMONDS.

A French savant claims to have succeeded in condensing magnetism.

It is proposed in France to lay a tax equal to \$10 upon each velocipede.

It is remarked, as a curious fact, that the Edinburgh papers pay more attention to literature than those of London.

A monument to the late Aztec Emperor was unveiled in the City of Mexico on the 13th ultimo, with great pomp and ceremony.

The Nacoechee (Ga.) Mining Company found another nugget of gold a few days ago, which weighed over two pounds and a half, worth nearly \$600 in coin.

The silver mines of Real de Monte, in Mexico, are said to be yielding liberally. One of them, within the last ten years, has produced ninety millions of dollars.

The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks it is no more dishonorable for the nation to repudiate its debt than it was for the South to be compelled to repudiate its own.

A book will soon be published in Boston defending polygamy on moral, religious, social, physiological and political grounds. It is the work of a clergyman, not a Mormon.

General Canby will issue his proclamation on the result of the election in Virginia about the 15th. The new State officers will be installed on the assembling of the Legislature.

One hotel in New York has employed 25 Chinese waiters. They are said to fill the bill exactly.

Louisa Muhlbach has made and spent \$80,000, and is now poor.

One-tenth of the people of Arizona are killed every year by the Indians.

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, says Sydney Smith, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

A few days ago the following advertisement appeared in a New York paper: "Wanted, a situation by a woman as cook in a private family; the family to be as high as a Lord's family in Europe."

Commodore Vanderbilt doesn't monopolize the Summer and Winter wedding business. Judge Kennedy, of Warren county, N. J., has just married a lady aged thirty-two.

Illinois is to have a new capitol at Springfield. The plans, specifications and estimates of the commissioners have just been officially approved. The entire cost, exclusive of foundation, is limited to three million dollars.

A vast lyrical theatre is to be constructed on one of the finest boulevards of Paris, and will contain 4,000 spectators. In order to make it a success, the price of admission will be for certain parts of the house only one franc. The inauguration will take place on January 1st, 1870.

Gen. Grant has appointed a thieving negro named Mose Hopkins to a route agency on the Mississippi Central Railroad. But he can't be installed into the office for the reason that Judge Hudson, of Memphis, has him in limbo for petit larceny, and intends to send him to the State Penitentiary for three years. What an escape we have had! "Mose" would have robbed every money letter that attempted to pass through his hands. --Southern Eagle.

The United Irishman published an editorial on Wednesday, September 1st, relative to the brutal treatment of Fenian prisoners. There are twenty-two in all in Kingston jail; one has been driven mad, another beaten till his life is despaired of. The tale of wretchedness heaped on prisoners has produced great excitement among Irish citizens. Other revelations are promised.

The Philadelphia Telegraph says: "It would be a great relief to him (Grant) if a great thunderstorm should play the mischief with the Grant and Deft families, leaving the President and his family and alone in the world, with their race." But why not make a clean sweep?